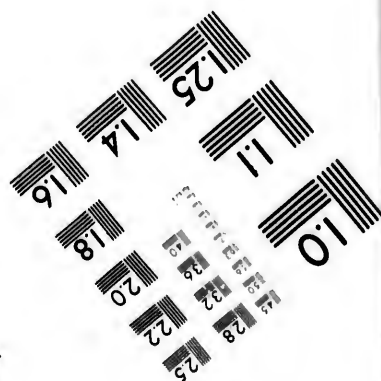
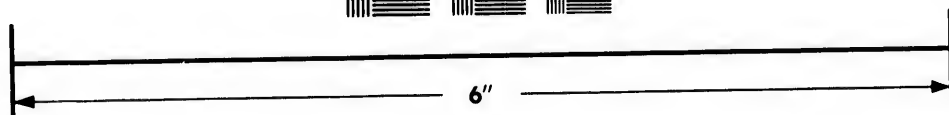
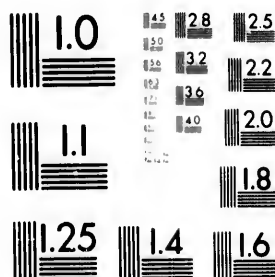


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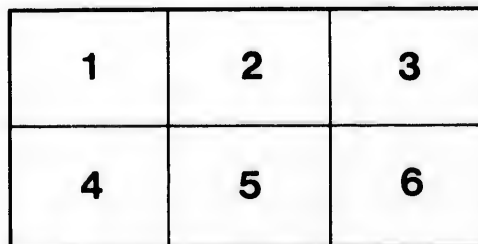
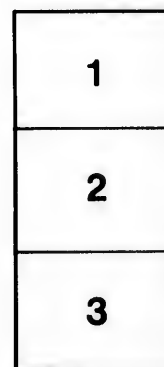
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# "THE CHRIST:"

*A POEM.*

BY

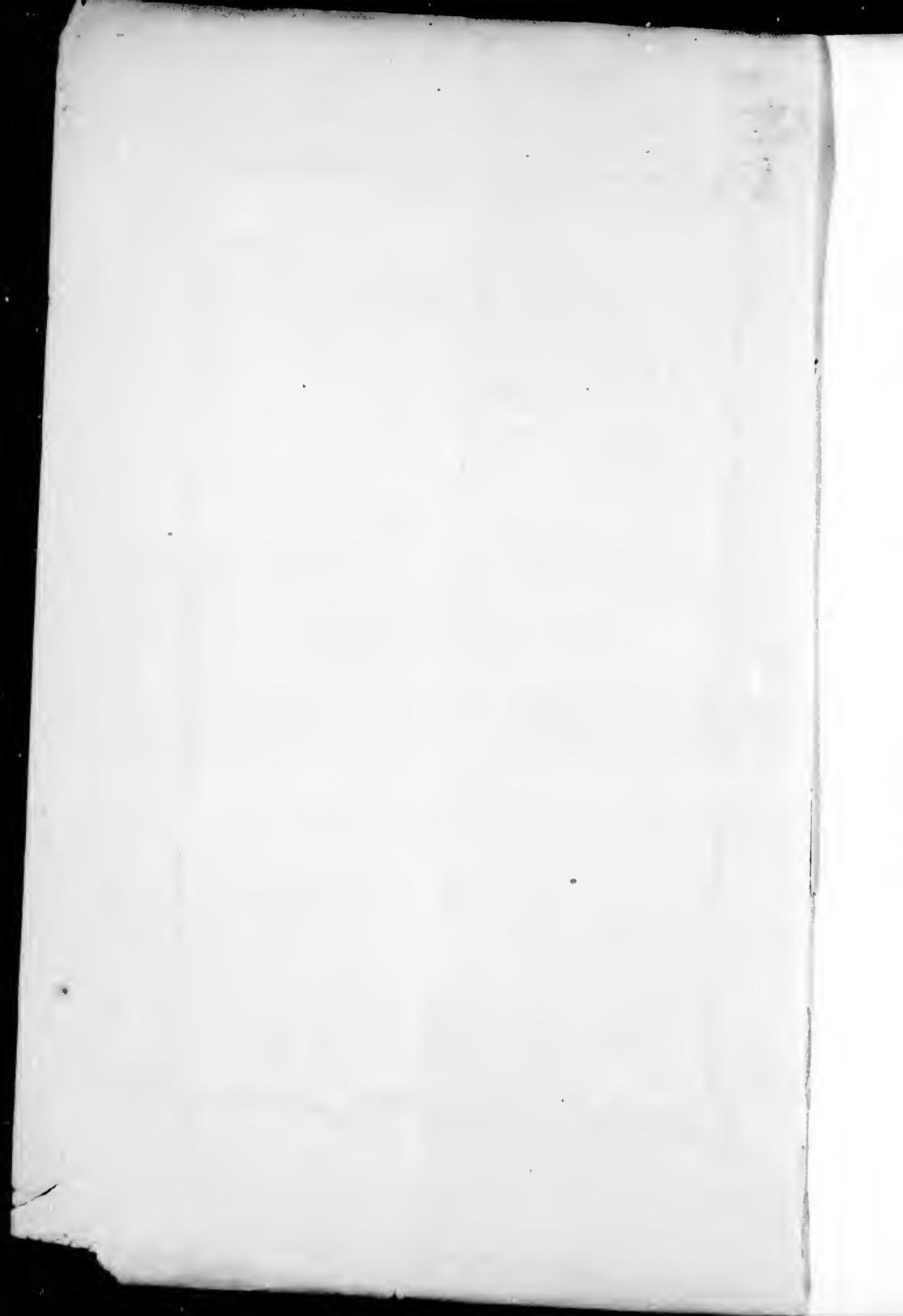
WILLIAM LANCASTER.



TORONTO:

PRINTED AT THE GUARDIAN OFFICE, KING ST. EAST.

1873.



"THE CHRIST."

7

# "THE CHRIST:"

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## THE PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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IN presenting the following Poem to the public it might be well to observe, that its Author is a person moving in the more humble and secluded walks of life, and residing on a small and not very productive farm, near the Ottawa River, in the Province of Quebec. It is not necessary to state, that no pretensions whatever are made to his possessing literary attainments, though it may be safely alleged, that had it fallen to the Author's lot, as it does to that of many, to have received early educational advantages, he would doubtless have become much more than an ordinary proficient in learning. Possessed of a good understanding, and an original and logical cast of mind, together with a very tenacious memory, richly stored with the fruits gathered from extensive and varied reading, it is thought that he has produced in this Poem—notwithstanding all his disqualifications otherwise—what would have puzzled many a professedly more literary and scientific mind to achieve.

The Author's theme is simple, yet noble; and in this age of prevailing latitudinarian and sceptical religious sentiment, his subject is of essential and unsurpass'd importance. To *understand* and *know* who "*The Christ*" of the Bible *was*, and still *is*, is, after all, the only knowledge which is really worth attaining. If we are deficient here,—whatever else we may know, and however necessary other knowledge may be to our welfare and success in the present life,—we know but little, and are ignorant indeed; in fact, without a *practical* knowledge of Christ we are reckoned *dead*, for the Apostle expressly says: "This is life eternal, to *know* God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent." But as we cannot well have a *practical* without a *theoretical* knowledge of Christ, in His person, character, office, and work, the Author of the present Poem has thrown his views therein

of this subject, in simple and neatly-measured couplets, which are strictly analogous both to Scripture teaching and orthodox Christianity, with an humble design, and devout wish, that through the influence of the Divine Spirit accompanying the endeavor, what he has herein written may prove instrumental in impressing some erring mind with proper ideas of the Messiah, as also in leading some straying soul in the direct and right way to Christ and heaven.

“ My heart is full of Christ, and longs  
It's glorious matter to declare !  
Of Him I make my loftier songs,  
I cannot from His praise forbear ;  
My ready tongue makes haste to sing  
The glories of my heavenly King !

“ Fairer than all the earth-born race,  
Perfect in comeliness thou art ;  
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,  
And full of love thy tender heart.  
God ever blest ! we bow the knee,  
And own all fulness dwells in thee.”

E. II.

DEMORESTVILLE, PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, CANADA,  
*December 27th, 1872.*



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## "THE CHRIST."

---

### *EXPECTED.\**

WHEN Caesar had imperial power obtain'd,  
And rule o'er all the minor States maintain'd,  
All rival princes from their thrones had hurl'd,  
And sent forth his decree to tax the world,—  
A ruthless tyrant in Judea reign'd,  
With iron arm his hated rule sustain'd.  
No Hebrew prince now sat on David's throne,—  
The regal power from Jewish hands was gone;  
Both priest and people had become profane,  
And fail'd to apprehend Messiah's reign.  
Some few, 'tis true, by C briel appris'd,  
Expected soon to see the promis'd Christ;  
The time the Prophets signified drew near,  
When Shiloh should in Bethlehem appear.

---

\* The reader will at once perceive the Author's design in not affixing the subject of the Poem to what is predicted thereof at the head of each part. It must be supplied.

*ANNOUNCED.*

For ages shepherds had been wont to keep,  
Hard by this town, night-watches o'er their sheep;  
No bright aurora lit the northern sky,  
Nor aught peculiar caught their wakeful eye,—  
The night-owl's shriek might strike the list'ning ear,  
Or the wild howl of some lone jackal near.  
They pass the time with anecdote and song,  
Up to the midnight hour—nor think it long;  
But now a light from heaven excites their fears,—  
An angel's glorious form at once appears:  
His first concern is their alarm to quell,  
He then proceeds the joyful news to tell.  
He speaks in accents mild: "To you I bring  
(Be glad, O earth! while wond'ring angels sing,)  
Tidings of good,"—for you and all your race  
A fuller record of redeeming grace.  
To you is born in David's native town  
(But for His name a place of no renown)  
A Saviour—Christ, yet universal Lord;  
Made flesh, but still the all-creating Word!  
Myriads of forms celestial now appear,  
While songs unearthly fill the midnight air:  
"Glory to God!" the hymning host ascribes;  
"Tis meet, O men! give praise, ye ransom'd tribes.  
Ye warring sons of men we publish peace,  
Then let your enmities and discords cease:  
'Goodwill to men!' commission'd from Heaven's  
throne,  
We haste to make to favor'd mortals known.

He comes, the Son of Man, by ties of blood,—  
 Yet more mysterious still,—*The Son of God!*—  
 “Let us now go and see this thing, of old  
 By patriarchs and prophets oft foretold,”  
 The shepherds said: and then, with one consent,  
 Made haste to prove what the announcement meant.  
 They found, as said, a child in lowly mien,  
 And then returned to tell what they had seen.

---

*BORN.*

In former times, it seems, when queens gave birth  
 To candidates for coronets of earth,  
 Astrologers presum'd the stars to read,  
 And messengers were sent with urgent speed  
 To make the event to titled houses known,—  
 An heir is born presumptive of a throne;  
 And gorgeous palaces with lofty dome,  
 Of luxury and ease the stately home,  
 Were often rear'd in honor of the great,  
 Where princes liv'd in all the pomp of state.

But when the lowly Prince of Peace appears,  
 Awhile to sojourn in this vale of tears,  
 No room for Him the crowded inn supplies,—  
 The world's Redeemer in a manger lies!  
 No gaudy trappings mark His humble bed,  
 Nor sign of royalty bedecks His head,  
 Yet Heaven's dread Sovereign, Lord of earth and  
 skies,  
 Is seen in Christ revealed to mortal eyes.

If to exalt us to a throne He came,  
 Bow every knee, blush every cheek with shame.  
 If angels came from heaven on swiftest wing,  
 The wonders of redeeming grace to sing,—  
 Shall man, an object of such high regard,  
 Nor burn with ardour to receive his Lord?  
 He came to bless us: how was he receiv'd?—  
 Of His own nation, who His word believ'd?

But Herod, fearing for his dynasty,  
 Not knowing what this Christ might grow to be,  
 Resolv'd at once to crush it in the bud,  
 And sought some covert way to shed His blood.  
 Chief priests, and scribes, and elders of the land,  
 Were summoned hastily at His command:  
 "Where, say you, should this Jewish king be  
 born?"

This treach'rous ruler asks with inward scorn.  
 Their answer serv'd but to confirm his fears,  
 And hence his edict suddenly appears.  
 Its execution stamps from age to age  
 His name as blackest in all history's page.  
 Mock'd, as he thought, his anger knows no  
 bounds,—

The wail of grief from every street resounds;  
 It swells tumultuous, wild, it rends the skies,  
 While frantic mothers, with imploring eyes  
 Look up, and ask for some good reason, Why  
 Their unoffending innocents must die?—  
 To gratify ambition, hate, and pride,  
 By bloody hands your helpless infants died.  
 When God ordains, how vain the wrath of man,  
 To change, or turn, or disconcert His plan!

A thousand ways and means can He employ,  
Man's wisdom to defeat, or to destroy  
The deepest counsels of the shrewdest minds,  
And a safe pathway for His chosen finds.

---

*AT NAZARETH.*

But little on the Sacred page appears,  
From the scant records of His earlier years.  
One heart, at least, was fraught with deep concern,  
The future of this Heaven-sent youth to learn.  
His strange career, as yet but dimly seen,—  
She ponder'd oft what Gabriel could mean.  
When they had sought, for days without success,  
The lost child, Jesus,—what was her distress?  
But gladness soon lights up her tearful eyes,  
To find the youth conferring with the wise;  
Nor less astonish'd was she, when she saw  
His words perplex'd the Doctors of the law;  
Nor does His answer with less force appear  
When ask'd, What motive could have brought Him  
there?  
But little more of Him the Sacred page.  
Unfolds, till He is thirty years of age.

*HERALDED BY JOHN.*

The eventful 'mediate years have fled,  
Of Christ no records left for us to read ;  
But now the promis'd messenger appears,  
Of ardent mind,—no slave to caitiff fears :  
Like the old Tishbite, clad with camel's hair,  
Sent forth by God, His kingdom to declare.  
Through all the land this faithful preacher flies :  
"Prepare the way !" in every ear he cries ;  
"Forsake your sins, and turn to God,—Repent !  
To you, ye Jews, is this salvation sent."  
Short, but eventful, was his bold career ;  
The people heard him, and were mov'd with fear,—  
Turn'd from their evil ways, and sought to flee  
From future wrath, in deep sincerity.  
The friend of all, to vice alone a foe,  
This keen reprover dealt a faithful blow,  
Which rais'd against him such vindictive hate,  
That nothing but his life could satiate.  
Misguided child ! the monarch's hasty boast  
Is soon made good,—but who shall count the cost ?  
Where ends the loss ? or, Where begins the gain ?—  
A half a kingdom saved, a peasant slain !  
So thought the adulteress when the deed was done,  
And blest herself for such a conquest won.  
No festive board nor house of mirth avails,  
To avert the dread the crime of blood entails.  
Dethron'd, exil'd, hated, curs'd of God,  
The heartless villain now must feel the rod.  
Blank guilt, fierce, staring like a spectre still,  
With frowning aspect, boding future ill !

*BAPTIZED.*

Excited crowds, of every age and rank,  
Towards Jordan move, or linger on the bank.  
But who is this? Comes He to be baptiz'd?—  
Does John not know as yet the very Christ?  
Grave, dignified, and meek,—of humble mien;  
From Galilee He comes—a Nazarene.  
Inured to toil obscure, to fame unknown,  
With no pretensions to an earthly throne.  
Whatever doubt hung o'er His past career,  
The time is come, His mission is made clear.  
A strange phenomenon from heaven reveal'd:  
God manifest in flesh, till now concealed;  
The Father now, in honor of His Son,  
Declared Him only His Anointed One.

---

*TEMPTED IN THE WILDERNESS.*

His conflict with the Tempter now begins,—  
Where more than Adam lost, for *us* He wins.  
By strong impulses mov'd, His face He turns  
To desert solitudes, where fiercely burns  
A cloudless sun, and wastes of glaring sand  
No food, nor scarce a shrub affords,—a land  
Of drought,—a cheerless scene of hazy light  
By day, and gloomy, dreary bleak by night.  
No man did here his solitude invade;  
But Hell's first onslaught on Him here was made.

Did e'er the powers of night in conclave meet,  
To thwart the Only Wise, and God defeat ?  
They judged the present as the fittest hour  
In which to put forth all their latent pow'r.

Since Adam fell—untempted might have stood—  
This would-be-Saviour, called the Son of God,  
Oppos'd, may fail to carry out his plan,  
And thus redemption prove a blank to man.  
So thought the fiend supreme, with dire intent,  
With all the guile that malice could invent;  
Assay'd, by divers stratagems, to fire  
His heart with wild immoderate desire.  
The most eventful hours beneath this sun,  
Within those forty days their courses run ;—  
If the bold Prince of Darkness now prevails,  
What then for man if his Redeemer fails ?  
The heaven-born purpose to restore our race  
Would be o'erturn'd, and prove a foul disgrace :  
But no ; despite the powers of hell combin'd,  
He shall the work complete to Him assign'd !  
He shall accomplish what He came to do,  
And prove to all His great commission true.  
Dark legions,—how they dread the fatal hour,  
That marks the era of their waning power !  
Alone, He withstood all their wiles and might,  
O'ercame His foes, and put them all to flight :  
The needed food no human hand supplies,  
But duteous angels hasten from the skies,—  
Glad to impart some token which might prove  
The constant tenure of their ardent love !

*PREACHING AND WORKING  
MIRACLES.*

Now from the desert He returns again,  
With thoughtful aspect, earnest words, and plain ;  
Begins to preach what John had preach'd before,—  
Repentance,—without which both rich and poor,  
Unwise or wise, are to destruction doom'd ;—  
For all have sinn'd, though many have presum'd  
To question His report, as did the Jews  
Who turn'd away, or heard to little use.  
To do His Father's will—His greatest care,  
To teach the people He went everywhere :  
In all He did and said one aim was clear,—  
To bless mankind was all His business here.  
Not to display His super-human pow'r,—  
He cheer'd the wretched, and reliev'd the poor :  
All maladies acknowledg'd Him and fled,—  
His word, look, touch, a healing virtue shed !  
Lep'rous, decrepid, maim'd, and dumb, and blind,  
Sought not in vain, nor found Him once unkind.

See with what earnestness that mother pleads  
Her urgent case: " ' Lord, help ! ' my daughter  
needs.

By demons vex'd, tormented night and day,—  
Without redress O send me not away ! "  
He halts a moment in a thoughtful mood ;  
She never doubted but her claim was good :  
Her one concern—no thought of rank, nor race,  
Nor aught beside—her daughter's desprate case.

Say not, He seems at least for once unmov'd ;  
Or is this Gentile suff'rer less belov'd ?  
" I am not sent but to the wand'ring sheep  
Of Jacob's house, to gather, feed, and keep :  
To give the children's bread,—it is not meet  
For outcast aliens and dogs to eat."  
So said the Saviour ; will she yet persist ?  
When He says all but No !—why not desist ?  
She could not fail : when did He e'er deny  
His own elect, whose never-ceasing cry  
He will avenge ? nor will He long delay  
To grant the real good in His own way.  
" ' Truth, Lord ! ' the children satisfied can spare,—  
The falling crumbs I ask with dogs to share."  
She seeks no more ; here ends her ardent pray'r.  
My wish obtain'd,—begone ye doubts and care !  
Nor stinted blessing was it that He gave,—  
Was it not all her anxious soul could crave ?  
Here is the secret of her whole success :  
One thing she sought, and nothing more nor less ;  
This one thing more than all the world to her,—  
When you approach think well what you prefer.  
If Nature's law, inverted by His hand,  
And winds and seas obey'd his firm command,—  
What wonder, then, that He should raise the dead,  
When fiercest demons at His mandate fled ?  
Inur'd to toil, to hardship, want, and pain,—  
Not where to lay his head did he retain :  
Fit emblem was the smitten rock, that gave  
A plenteous flow, the fainting hosts to save.

*STILLING THE TEMPEST.*

The air was balmy, and serene the sky,  
 Nor sign apparent that a storm was nigh;  
 The lake was calm and placid, and the breeze  
 Spoke but in whispers through the silent trees;  
 The sun already set, the ling'ring light  
 Gave place to darkness and the gloom of night:  
 A little craft has left the busy strand,  
 With nothing said about the chief command;  
 'Tis true, a Galilean is on board,—  
 So apt to teach, so good,—they call Him Lord.  
 Unlike the hero of the world, who boasts  
 Of blood-stain'd standards won from vanquish'd  
     hosts;  
 Who, marshall'd on the field of strife, and led  
 Men arm'd 'gainst fellow-men with reckless tread,  
 Finds satisfaction in the mortal strife,  
 Where frenzied men but seek each other's life;  
 Then turns to Heav'n with thanks for blood thus  
     shed,  
 And leaves behind him twenty thousand dead!

The scene now changes: while our Hero sleeps  
 A fearful storm comes down,—a trembling creeps  
 Through bravest hearts, a monitory fear  
 Takes hold of each, that death is very near.  
 Dark frowning clouds there centr'd and combin'd,  
 Grew darker as their gathering forces join'd,—  
 From which pale light'ning broke, and thus re-  
     veal'd  
 Appalling sights the darkness had conceal'd.

Lash'd into fury by some demon might,  
The waves to mountains rose, with crests of white,  
As if the fiend had thought this place the best  
Christ's claim to Godhead once again to test ;  
Like when Job's sons were met,—the gale came  
down,

To sink the vessel, and the crew to drown.  
Yet, undisturb'd by the terrific noise,  
The wearied sleeper wakes not till a voice,—  
Soft, tremulous, plaint, and then a touch  
Wak'd Him from sleep,—and, starting from His  
couch,

He rose like One all-conscious of His power.  
Oh ! how eventful was that dreadful hour,—  
It seem'd as if no force on earth could save,  
And fate hung trembling on the threat'ning wave.  
But hark ! the wak'd-up Galilean speaks,—  
The wind is hush'd, anon the tempest breaks :  
" Be still, thou sea ! " thy Master says, " Be still ! "  
" Ye winds, be silent ! " 'tis His sov'reign will ;—  
The waves recede and sink into a plain,  
And not a dimple marks the glassy main.  
" Coincidence ! " the sceptic pleads ; the cause  
He finds in keeping with material laws.  
The mighty works of Christ are wrought in vain  
For such philosophers, who still maintain  
Some freak of Nature, or some hidden force  
Long latent, but now active in due course."

*ENTERING INTO JERUSALEM.*

The Lord's anointed, see ! amidst that throng  
 A mounted peasant slowly rides along.  
 Before, behind, on either hand the crowd,  
 By homage and loud acclamations, show'd  
 A latent longing in the common mind  
 In David's house a Prophet King to find ;  
 But Priests and Scribes, with envy mov'd, no doubt,  
 Demanded what this noise was all about,—  
 Look'd on the whole affair with bitter spleen,  
 Denounced it as a farce, low, vulgar, mean :  
 Applied to the meek rider, ask'd him,—Why  
 He did not stop at once the pop'lar cry ?  
 Such low accompaniments as He could claim  
 But ill comported with his boasted fame.  
 A King, forsooth ! bend low, and let Him pass  
 In regal state—the bumpkin on the ass !  
 To vindicate the people, and complete  
 God's long-predicted purpose, and defeat  
 The vain, conceited Pharisees and Scribes,  
 Those truth-pervverting teachers of the tribes,—  
 Not to reprove, indeed, the excited throng,—  
 He answered to endorse their grateful song :  
 “Know ye, if these restrain'd should hold their  
     peace,  
 What you call ‘noise and tumult’ would increase.  
 The honor mortal tongues refuse to give,  
 Will God, defrauded, not that praise receive ?—  
 If thou refuse to celebrate My name  
 The stones shall make *HOSANNAS* to proclaim !”

*BETRAYED AND CRUCIFIED.*

Of all the multitudes that throng'd His way  
But few stood faithful in the evil day;  
But who e'er thought one of the twelve—the chief—  
Could prove a treach'rous traitor and a thief?  
For what?—vile greed of gain, curs'd thirst of gold!  
For sordid wealth some men themselves have sold.  
Let avarice the social tie unbind,—  
A villain of the basest grade you'll find:  
Such Judas prov'd; ye covetous beware,  
Lest mammon be to you a fatal snare.  
To gain the coin his mind was fully bent,—  
He sought the High Priest's house with that intent.  
Well pleas'd to gain what seem'd so great a prize,  
The Chief Priest scrupl'd not about the price;  
But paid the sordid traitor for his job,  
Then sent him forth to lead the heartless mob:  
Each with his weapon, bludgeon, pike, or sword,  
As if to take some chieftain of a horde.  
This false disciple knew his Lord's retreat,—  
Dared to invade it with unhallow'd feet:  
Approach'd the Searcher of all hearts with guile,  
Sought to betray Him with a treach'rous smile,—  
Hail'd Him as master! then presum'd to kiss  
His sacred cheek;—was baseness e'er like this?  
He yielded, else their force could naught avail.  
He spake, and powerless they backward fell:  
"If me you seek, then let the rest depart,"—  
For fear and grief had sadden'd every heart.  
Bound like a felon, helpless here he seems,—  
Where now His wild pretensions?—idle dreams!

Bold Peter's courage fails, he basely lies,  
With oaths and curses his kind Lord denies :  
Few were His friends, indeed, in that dark hour,—  
The butt of Jewish hate and Roman pow'r.  
To Pilate's judgment-hall they brought Him, where  
False witnesses were summon'd to appear.  
The rancorous priests, with bitter envy mov'd,  
Would fain have found some evidence that prov'd,  
Or seem'd to prove, Him dang'rous to the State,  
And thus stir up against Him public hate ;  
But Pilate knew, that chiefly out of spite  
The priesthood sought the people to incite.  
He found Him guiltless,—testified Him so ;  
Sought to release Him,—would <sup>have</sup> not let Him go.  
But why ? you ask : let Pilate answer, Why  
In such a case the torturing scourge apply ?  
Poor sycophant ! his courage meanly fails,—  
The people's voice for blood at last prevails.  
“Release Barrabas ; but let Christ be slain,  
And let His blood henceforth on us remain.”  
They little knew, while thirsting for His blood,  
That this same Jesus was both Lord and God.  
Though bitterly accus'd, He meekly stands,  
All stain'd with blood, with shackles on His hands ;  
His garments red and stiff with sweat and gore,  
Which untold anguish fore'd from every pore.  
To please the people Pilate brought Him forth,—  
With full conviction of His moral worth,—  
Contemptibly array'd, he said : “Behold,  
The Hebrew Prince your legends have foretold !  
A wreath of thorns he wove for a mock crown,  
A purple robe for the imperial gown ;

A reed they gave for sceptred majesty,—  
They hail'd him, "King!" in mock'ry bow'd the knee.  
That cheek, which ne'er by guilty shame was marr'd,  
By brutal violence besmear'd and scarr'd,  
In spitting, smiting, plucking out the hair,  
Each seem'd intent to gain precedence here.  
Vile epithets they wickedly apply:  
"Not fit to live," their simultaneous cry.  
"Where is Thy Kingdom, say, presumptuous Prince?  
Shew forth thy pow'r, and thus the world convince."  
But why stay here, while up yon steep He climbs  
To Golgotha? and crowds who, up betimes,  
Press on to Calvary with eager eye,  
No doubt to see the gross impostor die.  
See how He crouches under the vile load!  
He faints!—forbear your taunts, ye heartless crowd.  
On that rude cross, an offering in your stead,  
The very Christ un murmuring bows His head.  
The mournful drama hastens to a close,  
The mortal faints beneath enormous woes.  
Earth's bosom heaves, she feels a tremor creep  
Through her cold heart, while duteous Marys weep;  
And trembling demons felt the rending shock,  
That rais'd the dead, and cleft the solid rock.  
The lower heavens portentously grew black;  
The sun appall'd, grew dim, and started back:  
And wond'ring angels, struck with sad amaze,  
Forsook their thrones on Calvary to gaze.  
What meant He when, "My God! my God!" He cried?  
Say, What was finished when He groan'd and died?  
Was it a pang,—a grief before unknown?  
Full well He knew that here He stood alone,

To meet the awful claims of Heaven's great law—  
 Till satisfied, can no abatement know.  
 What then was all the pow'r of hell, combin'd  
 With all the wrath and hate of human-kind ?  
 To bear God's wrath, a sinking world sustain,  
 And feel the last extremity of pain,—  
 To expiate man's fearful guilt, and span  
 The fearful chasm between God and man ?  
 Thus for our sake He met the fearful stroke,—  
 'Twas death—life's current stopt,—His heart was  
     broke !  
 All legal shadows flee, all ritual cease,  
 This offering once secures eternal peace.  
 Paid once, for ever good the ransom stands,—  
 Man needs no more, no more High Heaven demands !

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*RISE AND ASCENDING.*

The grave could not detain Him long within  
 Her cold embrace, to whom both hell and sin,  
 And death's dark dreary reign, e'er long must yield,—  
 All vanquish'd, leave Him Master of the field !  
 By rising from the dead, despite the pow'r  
 Of earth and hell, He now asserts His hour ;  
 Confirm'd the fact,—the Church was not deceiv'd :  
 Inspiring truth ! which millions have believ'd.  
 And His ascension to the realms of light  
 Was testified by crowds who saw the sight.  
 He led them out to Bethany, and there  
 Gave them assurance of His constant care,—

Nor left them, but in blessing took His rise,  
By angel hosts attended, to the skies.  
No car of flame the ascending conqueror needs,  
Such as the Prophets—borne by fiery steeds ;  
Himself sufficient nature's law to invert,  
And gravitation's force is now inert.  
Henceforth all thrones, dominions, power, and state,  
Subserve His purpose, on His pleasure wait.  
Above all height he sits, dispensing grace,  
The Friend and Advocate of human race ;  
Where now all-prevalent He intercedes,  
On our behalf His precious off'ring pleads.  
Nor till the scheme of mercy is complete  
Will He vacate the mediatorial seat ;  
For He must reign till every knee shall bow,  
And every tongue unfeign'd allegiance vow.

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### *THE JUDGE.*

What then ?—We wait a future day of doom,  
When this same Christ in regal state shall come,  
In all the majesty of peerless pow'r,  
The butt of scorn and infamy no more.  
Discentred, this doom'd world flies off apace,  
Or seems to fly through trackless fields of space ;  
The surface crust caves in by earthquakes riven,  
While lightnings flame through the wide vault of  
    heav'n.

The paling light of the celestial spheres  
Wanes for a moment, and then disappears ;  
But see !—the Son of Man !—He comes again :  
Behold the man at Pilate's instance slain.  
But oh ! how changed in circumstance and mien !  
His flaming train by every eye is seen ;  
His visage, once so marr'd with wounds and blood,  
Now beams with all the splendour of a God.

Ten million angel thrones—a dazzling zone,  
Encircling wide, displays the great white throne.  
Commission'd to announce the end of time,  
He speaks,—the signal runs through ev'ry clime.  
And yet, 'tis He who late our Daysman stood,—  
Our Intercessor in the house of God.  
The dead, both small and great, of ev'ry age,  
Unknown to fame or written on the page,  
Wak'd by His voice, and starting from the tomb,  
To greet with joy or grief the day of doom.  
To right and left the summon'd ranks move on  
By strong impulsion, fronted by the throne.  
How empty now all human grandeur seems—  
All princely honors—unsubstantial dreams.  
The millionaire's wealth avails him not  
To buy exemption from the common lot,—  
Here rich and poor one gen'ral level find,  
When all but moral worth is left behind.  
The heartless trifler meets with sad dismay,—  
A full record of time all thrown away.  
If God regards affairs 'twixt man and man,  
And keeps in mind events since time began ;  
If He revenges wrongs not here redrest,  
And vindicates the cause of the oppress ;

If He attends whene'er the humble cry,  
 And marks their sorrow with a gracious eye,  
 Let Him that led that little one astray,  
 And then abandon'd in the evil day,  
 Not think, since mortals fail'd to meet the case,  
 That time's forgotten ages shall efface  
 From God's dread diary the full disgrace,—  
 Nor dream, while retribution ling'ring stays,  
 Heaven grows more lenient while His wrath delays.

A momentary pause,—the vast expanse  
 His searching eye pervades, and in that glance  
 The tinsel gold grows dim, the genuine glows,  
 While the strong lines are drawn 'twixt friends and  
 foes :

While He recounts the work, and love, and faith  
 Of each disciple stedfast unto death,  
 And pays them the high compliment — "Well  
 done !"

The ignominious cross insures a throne.  
 Another scene the Sacred Page portrays :  
 An awe struck crowd shrinks from the flashing gaze  
 Of Him, whose eye so oft with tears suffus'd  
 O'er those who in their day His grace refus'd.  
 What means untried that mercy could devise ?  
 Or what withheld to make them good and wise ?  
 The day of grace vouchsaf'd to each by Heaven,  
 For ever gone, no respite now is given,—  
 Disown'd by Christ, no further test remains,  
 No expiation waits, but hellish pains.

*REFLECTIONS.*

Unwarranted we dare not here proceed,  
So vast the issues of each word and deed;  
But if the dread assignments of that day  
Have been foretold, with all the grand array  
Of the last Judgment-scene—the great assize,  
Where God asserts Himself both just and wise.  
If mercy so immense shall fail to win  
Our hearts, what else remains to save from sin?—  
No other sacrifice: once clos'd the door  
Of mercy, then the day of grace is o'er.  
If he who “sows the wind the whirlwind reaps;”  
If longer pent, the flood the fiercer sweeps.  
Dread thought! A wrong desire indulg'd matures  
In sin, and death's the end which sin insures.  
Nor less than life eternal can be bliss,—  
Say, Does the Bible offer else than this?  
Christ's service does a crown of life secure  
To them who faithful unto death endure.  
This is the glory of the Gospel scheme,—  
Life everlasting—not an idle dream.  
If not life endless, what did God intend,  
When in His love His Son He deign'd to send?  
If Christ hath tasted death for every man,  
Then life for *all* must have been in His plan;  
If He determin'd but a few should live,  
Why then Himself for *all* a ransom give?  
What then remains for those whose gracious day,  
Though wasting fast, is not yet pass'd away?

Here we determine our eternal fate,  
Death but transmits us to the future state.  
Slow seems the march of truth, thick darkness  
    reigns,  
While millions lie fast bound in error's chains ;  
Yet God's grand purpose to restore our race,  
And make earth beauteous as in pristine days,  
No force beneath His throne can thwart or spoil,  
Nor mortal hate nor demon malice foil.  
But soon the Gospel will reverse all wrong,  
And saints and angels form one gen'ral throng,  
And not a trace be left by which to tell,  
That e'er the world was curs'd, or Adam fell.  
The waking nations soon shall hail the dawn,—  
E'en now they ask, When will the night be gone ?  
The orient brightens ! Soon the King of Day  
Shall mount the sky, and night shall flee away.  
Ye weeping Sowers ! let your hands be strong,—  
The fields are white, and ye shall reap e're long :  
Then let the Church, all lovely, chaste, and fair,  
Put on her robes, and beautiful appear.  
Worthy of Him who gave Himself, that He  
Might make her all glorious, pure, and free ;  
Then ev'ry tongue in earth and heaven shall sing,  
All honor to the Universal King !

*FINIS.*

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